

A
MUSICALL
DREAME.



OR THE FOURTH BOOKE OF
AYRES,

The First part is for the Lute, two Voyces, and the Violle de Gambo; The
Second part is for the Lute, the Violle and foure Voices to Sing: The Third part
is for one Voyce alone, or to the Lute, the Basse Violle, or to both if you please,
Whereof, two are Italian Ayres.

Composed by ROBERT IONES.

Quae profunt singula, multa iuuant.



LONDON
Imprinted by JOHN WINDET, and are to be solde by SIMON WATERSON, in Powles
Church-yard, at the Signe of the Crowne: 1609.



TO THE RIGHT
WORSHIPFULL AND WOR-
thy Gentleman, Sir JOHN LEVINTHORPE Knight
perpetuall Happinesse and Content.



It is not vnknowne vnto your wel deseruing selfe, Right VVorshipfull, that not long since I tooke my *Ultimum vale*, with a resoluing in my selfe, neuer to publish any workes of the same Nature and Fashion, whereupon I betooke me to the ease of my Pillow, where *Somnus* hauing taken possession of my eyes, and *Morpheus* the charge of my senses; it happened mee to fall into a Musiçal dreame, wherein I chanced to haue many opinions and extrauagant humors of diuers Natures and Conditions, some of modest mirth, some of amorous Loue, and some of most diuine contemplation; all these I hope, shall not giue any distaste to the eares, or dislike to the mind, eyther in their words, or in their seuerall sounds, although it is not necessaric to relate or diuulge all Dreames or Phantasies that Opinion begets in sleepe, or happeneth to the mindes apparition. And continuing long in this my dreaming slumber, I began to awake, and vpon my eyes vnclosing, I bethought my selfe, being full awaked, aduising in my mind, whome to elect and chuse as a Patrone for the same, I was easily inuited to make choice of your VVorship, as one to whome I necessarily ought both loue and duety, And howsoeuer I might feare that you wil not acknowledge it, yet in that Nature hath inriched you with more then ordinarie knowledge in this Art, beeing a witnes of that Loue which you haue alwayes a fforded to Musicke, I emboldened my selfe the rather to present it vnto you.

Accept it then (good Sir) as a Token of vnfaigned Loue, and a debt worthily due vnto you for your many fauours done to him that is

At your Worships commaund.

To all Muscalle Murmurers,

This Greeting.

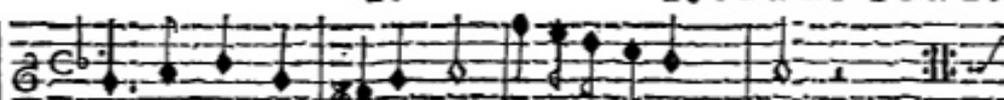
Hou, whose eare itches with the varietie of opinion, hearing thine owne sound, as the Ecchoe reuerberating others substance, and vnprofitable in it selfe, shewes to the World comfortable noise, though to thy owne use little pleasure, by reason of vncharitable censure. I speake to thee muscalle Momus, thou from whose nicetie, numbers as easily passe, as drops fall in the showre, but with lesse profite. I compare thee to the bie way dust that flies into mens eyes, and will not thence without much trouble, for thou in thy dispersed iudgement, not onely art offensive to seeing knowledge, but most faulty, false, & deseruing industry, picking moates out of the most pure Bisse, and smoothing the plainest veluet, when onely thine owne opinion is more wrinkled and more vitious in it selfe, then grosser soyle, so that as a bruff infected with filth, thou rather soylest then makest perfect any way. I haue stood at thine elbow, and heard thee prophane euen Musickes best Note, and with thy vtunde relish Sol Fade most ignobly. I am assured, and I care not greatly, that thou wilt lay to my charge, my whilome vow, Neuer againe, because I promised as much: but vnderstand me thou vnskilfull descantter, deriue from that Note of Plaine Song charitable numbers, and thou shalt find harsh voices are often a Note above. Ela reduced by truer iudgement, which I bereaue thee of, knowing thy Rules, are as our new come Lutes, being of many stringes, not easily used, vnlesse in aduventure, till practise put forward into deseruing Diuision. This my aduventure is no deed but a dreame, and what are dreames, but airie possessions, and seuerall ayres, breathing harmonious whisperings, though to thee discord, yet to others indifferent, I will not say excellent, because it is anothers office not mine, but let them be as they are, others profite and my paines, set forth for pleasure, not for purposed poyson to infect imagination, no, but as a showre falling in a needfull season, so I flatter my selfe at least, and will say so euer by any other, whose labour shall vplift Muscalle meditation, the onely wing of true courage, being the most pleasing voice of man, whose sweetenes reacheth vnto beauen it selfe. It is hard if al this paines reape not good commendations, and it is water wrung out of a Flint in thee, sith thou neuer thinkest well of any, and wert in thy selfe so vnskilfull euer, as thy Tutor from the first howre could neuer make thee sing in Tune; be as thou art a lumpe of deformity without fashion, bredde in the bowels of disdain, and brought forth by bewitcked Megæra, the fatall Widwife to all true merite.

Giue me leaue to depart, or if not, without it I am gone, carelesse of thy censuring, and fully perswaded thou canst not thinke well, and therefore art curst in thy Cradle, neuer to be but cruell, and being borne with teeth in thy head, bitst euery one harmeles in this or what else honest industry, makes thy eare gossip too.

Farewell if thou wilt in kindnesse, or hold thy selfe from further carping.


A TABLE CON-
taining all the Songes in
this Booke.

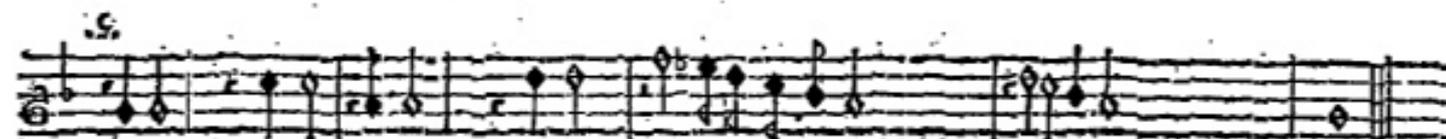
T hough your strangenes frets my heart,	1
Sweet Kate of late ranne away,	2
Once did I serue a cruell heart	3
Will said to his Mammy, that he would goe woe	4
Harke, harke, wot you what	5
My complayning is but faining	6
On a time in summers season,	7
Farewel sond youth, if thou hadst not beene blind	8
How should I shew my loue vnto my loue	9
O he is gone and I am here	10
And is it night, are they thine eyes that shine	11
She hath an eye, aye me,	12
I know not what, yet that I feele is much,	13
Griefe of my best loues absenting	14
If in this flesh where thou indrencht dost lie,	15
O thred of life when thou art spent	16
When I sit reading all alone.	17
Faine would I speake, but feare to giue offence	18
In Sherwood liude stout Robin Hood,	19
<i>Ite Caldi sospiri,</i>	20
<i>Samor non è che dunque.</i>	21



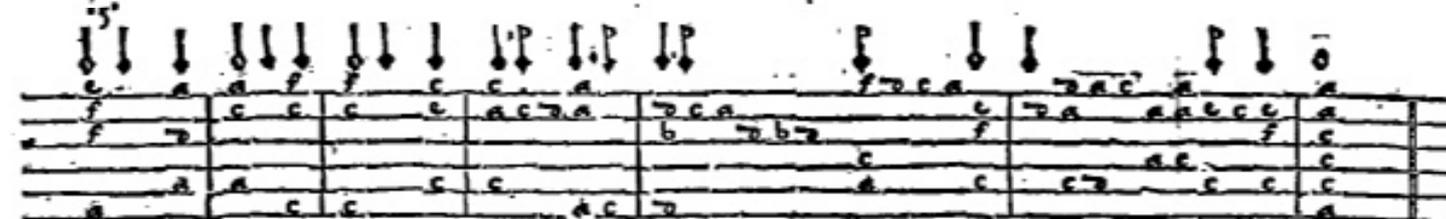
Hough your strangenes frets my heart, yet must I not com plaine,
 You perswads me tis but Art which secret loue must faine,



If another you af fect, tis but a toy to a noide suspect, Is this faire excusing,



O no O no ii, iii. O ho no ho no no all is abu sing.



2 When your wish fight I desire,
 Suspition you pretend,
 Causelesse you your selfe retire,
 Whilst I in vaine attend,
 Thus a lover as you say,
 Still made more eager by delay,
 Is this faire excusing,
 O no, all is abusing,

3 When another holds your hand,
 Youle swear I hold your heart,
 Whilst my riual close doth stand,
 And I sit farre apart,
 I am neerer yet then they,
 Hid in your bosome as you say,
 Is this faire excusing,
 O no all is abusing,

4 Would a riual then I were,
 Some else your secret friend,
 So much lesser should I feare,
 And not so much attend,
 They enjoy you euery one,
 Yet must I seeme your friend alone,
 Is this faire excusing,
 O no all is abusing,

BASSVS.

Hough your strangenesse

ALTVS.

Hough your strangenesse frets my heart, yet must I not complaine. If an other you affect, tis bnt a toy to
 You perfwade mee tis but art, which secret loue must faine.

auoide suspect, Is this faire excusing O no O no, ii. ii. ii. no, no no no no all is a busing,

O no O no ii, ii. no no no no no all is a busing.



Sweete - Kare of late ran away and left me playning,
 A bide. I cride or I die with thy dif dayning.

a *c* *f* *a* *c* *f* *a* *b* *f* *a* *b* *f*

Te hee hee quoth shee gladly would I see any man to die with lo uing Neuer any yet died of such a

a *a* *b* *c* *a* *b* *b* *a* *c* *c* *a* *a* *a* *b* *c*

c *c* *a* *a* *c* *c* *b* *c* *c* *c* *c* *a* *a* *a* *a*

a *a* *a* *a* *a* *a* *a* *a* *a* *a* *a* *a* *a* *a* *a*

fitte: Neither haue I feare of pro uing.

a *b* *b* *a* *a* *c* *c* *a* *a*

a *b* *b* *b* *f* *c* *c* *c* *c*

c *c* *b* *c* *c* *c* *c* *c* *c*

2 Vnkind,
 I find,
 Thy delight is in tormenting,
 Abide,
 I cride,
 Or I die with thy consenting.
 Te hee hee quoth shee,
 Make no foole of me,
 Men I know haue oathes at pleasure,
 But their hopes attained,
 They bewray they faind,
 And their oathes are kept at leasure.

3 Her words
 Like swords,
 Cut my sorry heart in sunder,
 Her floutes,
 With doubts,
 Kept my heart affections vnder.
 Te hee hee quoth shee,
 What a foole is he,
 Stands in awe of once denying,
 Cause I had inough,
 To become more rough,
 So I did, O happy trying.

B S A S V S.

West Kate.

ALTS: /

Weste Kate of late, ranne away and left me playning, He hee hee quoth shee gladly
 A bide I cride, or Idie with thy disdayning,

would I see, any man to die with louing: Neuer any yet, died of such a fitte, Neuer haue I feare of

prouing.

BASSVS.

Nance Did I serue a cruell heart.

ALTVS!

Nce did I serue a cruell heart, once .ii.

Nce did I serue a cruell heart, once .ii.

with faith vnfaide, I still importune her smiling

lookes that wrought my smart, my smart, Shee laughs .ii.

lookes that wrought my smart, my smart, Shee laughs .ii.

.ii.

smiles at my misfortune,

and sayes perhaps .ii. you may at last, at last by true desert loue fa-

and sayes perhaps .ii.

you may at last, at last by true desert loue fa-

uour taste and saies, perhaps .ii.

you may at last at last by true desert louses fa-

you may at last at last by true desert louses fa-

uour taste.



Ill faide to his manny that hee woulde goe woo, faine would he
Soft a while my lammy stay, and yet a- bide, hee like a

wed but he wot not who In faith chil haue a wife .ii. .ii. Owhata
foole as he was replide,

life doe I lead for a wife in my bed I may not tell you, O there to haue a wife .ii. .ii. O tis a

smart to my hart, tis a racke to my backe and to my belly.

2
Scarcely was hee wedded,
Full a fortnights space,
But that he was in a heauie case,
Largely was he headed,
And his cheekes lookt thinnē;
And to repent he did thus beginne,
A figge for such a wife, a wife, a wife,
O what a life doe I lead,
With a wife in my bedde,
I may not tell you;
There to haue a wife, a wife, a wife,
O tis a smart to my hart,
Tis a racke to my backe,
And to my belly.

3
All you that are Batchelers,
Be leard by crying will,
VWhen you are well to remaine so fill,
Better for to tarry,
And alone to lie,
Then like a foole with a foole to crie:
A figge for such a wife, a wife, a wife,
O what a life doe I leade,
VWith a wife in my bed,
I may not tell you,
There to haue a wife, a wife, a wife,
O tis a smart to my hart,
Tis a racke to my backe,
And to my belly.

BAS S'VS.

Ill said to his Mammay.

ALTY S.

Ill saide to his mammy that hee woulde goe woo, faine would he wed but he wot not who
Soft a while my lammy stay, and yet a-bide, hee like a fool as he was replide,

In faith chil haue a wife .ii. .ii. O what a life doe I lead for a wife in my bed, I may nott tell you, O there

to haue a wife a wife, .ii. .ii. O tis a smart to my heart, tis a racke to my backe and to my belly,



Arke harke worye what .ii. nay faith and shall

I tell I am fraide .iii. to die, to die to die a maid and then lead

Apes in hell O it makes me figh figh .ii. .ii. & sob with inward grieffe, but if I can but

get a man a man hele yeeld me some reliefe .ii. some reliefe.

- 2 O it is strange how nature works with me,
My body is spent and I lament mine owne great folly,
O it makes me figh and powre forth floods of teares,
Alas poore elfe none but thy selfe would liue, having such cares
- 3 O now I see that fortune frownes on me
By this good light I have beene ripe,
O it makes me figh and sure it will me kill,
When I should sleepe I lie and weepe, feeding on sorrowes still.
- 4 I must confesse as maides have vertue store,
Liue honest still against our wils, more fooles we are therefore
O it makes me figh, yet hope doth still me good,
For if I can but get a man, with him ile spend my blood.

BASS V'S.

Arke wot you what.

ALTS V'S.

Arke, harke wot you what .ii. may faith and shall I tell I am afraide afraide, I .ii. .ii.

to die to die, I am afraide to die a maid, and so leade Apes in hell, Oh it makes me sigh, sigh, .ii. .ii. and sob with

inward grieffe, but if I can but get a man, heele yeelde me some reliefe, .ii. heele yeeld me some reliefe,



Y complayning is but faining, all my loue is but in ickeft, fa, la, la, fa, la, la,



fa, la, la, fa, la, la, la, la, fa, la, la, la, la, la, fa la, la, la, And my Courting is but sporting in moſt



ſhewing meaning, leaſt fa la la .ii. .ii. .ii, fa la fa la la la fa la la la.



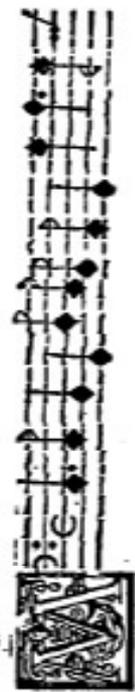
2

Outward ſadneſſe inward gladneſſe,
 Reſenteth in my mind, fa la la,
 In moſt taining moſt obtaining,
 Such good faſt in loue I find. fa la la.

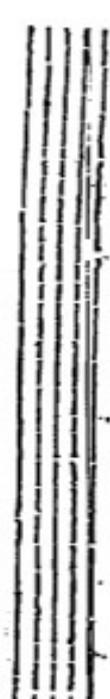
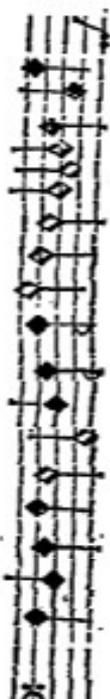
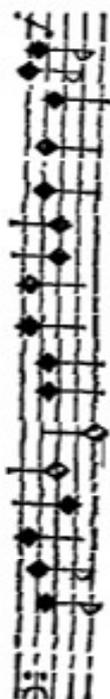
3

Toward Ladies this my trade is,
 Two minds in one breſt I were, fa la la,
 And my meaſure at my pleaſure,
 Ice and flame my face doth beare. Fa la la,

BASSVS.



Y complaining.



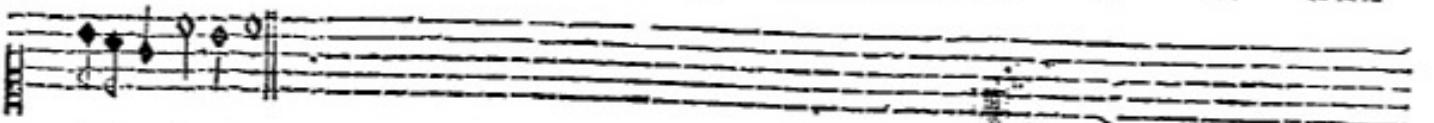
ALTVS.



Y complaining is but faining, all my loue is but in iest, fa la fa la la la fa la la fa la la fa la la fa la la



la la. And my courting is but sporting in most shewing meaning, least fa la la .ii. .ii. .ii. fa la la



la la la fa la la.

BASS.

N a time in summers season,

ALTS.

*N*a time in summers season, locky late with Jenny walking, like a lout made lout with talking, when he

ould be doing, Reason still he cries, when he should dally, dally *ji. ji.* when he should dally, *ji. ji.* when he

should dally, Jenny sweet *ji. sweet sweet sweet Jenny, sweet shall I, shall I Jenny ji. shall I.*



Are well fond youth, if thou hadst not bin blind out of my eye thou mightst haue read

my minde, but now I plainly see how thou wouldst faine leaue me; sure I was a curst, not to goe at first

sure I was a curst O. fie fie no, sweete stay & I will tell thee why no, sure I was a curst. not to goe at

first, sure I was a curst O fie fie no, sweete stay and I will tell thee why no.

2
 Once more farewell, since first I heard thee speake,
 And had but sung farewell, my heart would breake,
 But now since I doe find thy loue is like the wind,
 What a foole was I
 To be like to die.
 What a foole was I, I was not,
 Yet say I was a foole I passe not.

3
 Woes me alas, why did I let him goe,
 These be the fruites of idle saying no,
 Now that he can disproue me, how shall he euer loue me,
 Nay but is he gone,
 Then I am vndone,
 Nay but is he gone, O hold him,
 Fie, forty things are yet vnt old him

BASSVS.

A musical score for Basses (BASSVS.) consisting of eight staves. The first staff begins with a large, ornate initial 'R' in a decorative frame. The music is written in a historical style with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The lyrics 'Arewell fond youth:' are written below the first staff. The subsequent staves contain musical notation, including notes, rests, and clef changes.

ALTVS. /

A musical score for Altus (ALTVS.) with lyrics. The score consists of five staves of music. The first staff begins with a large, ornate initial 'R' in a decorative frame. The lyrics are written below the staves:

Arewell fond youth if thou hadst not bene blind, out of mine eyes thou mightst haue read my mind,
 but now I plainly see how thou wouldst faine leaue me, sure I was accurst not to goe at first, sure I was accurst, O sic
 sic, no sweet stay and I will tell thee, why no; sure I was accurst not to goe at first, sure I was accurst, O sic no, sweet
 stay and I will tell thee why no,



Ow should I shew my loue vnto my
The way by pen or tong I dare not
loue but
proue their

hide but hide it
drifts their drifts are
from all eyes save my louses
oft discourd by the eyes
wifes, Lookes are more
safe, yett out
them are

spies, Then whats the
way
to colen
iealousie

whieh martyrs loue, .ii.
iii. by marking narrowly.

By all these wayes may thy affections walke,
VVithout suspition of the iealous guardes:
Thy whispering tong to her clofde eare shall talke,
And be importunate till it be harde,
Papers shall passe lookes shall not be debarde,
To looke for louses young infants in her eyes,
Be franke and bold as she is kind and wife.

O who can be so francke as she is kind;
VVhose kindnesse merites more then Monarchies,
Boldnesse with her milde grace, grace cannot find,
Onely her wit ouer that doth tyrannize,
Then let her worth and thy loue sympathize,
Sith her worth to thy loue cannot be knowas;
Nor thy loue to her worthinesse be showas.

BASSVS.

Ow should I shew .ii.
The way by pen .ii.
my loue vnto my
or tong I daren

loue vnto my loue but hide it from all eyes faue
proue .ii. their drifts their .ii. are oft discovered

my loues eyes
by the wife, Lookes are more safe, yet ouer them are

spies, are spies, then whats the way to cofen-icaloufic,

to .ii. which martyrs loue .ii.

.ii. by marking narrowly.

ALTVS.

Ow should I shew my loue vnto my loue vn- .ii.
The way by pen or tongue I dare not proue .ii.

but hide it from all eyes faue my loues eyes,
their drifts are oft discovered by the wife,

Lookes are more safe, yet ouer them are spies, then whats the way, .ii. what the way, then whats .ii. .ii.

to cofen icaloufic, which martyrs loue .ii. .ii. by marking narrowly,

Ow should I shew my loue vnto my loue
The way by pen or tongue I dare not proue .ii.
but hide, but hide it from all eyes faue my loues eyes,
their drifts, their drifts are oft discovered by the wife,
then whats the way to cofen icaloufic to .ii.

Lookes are more safe, yet ouer them are spies, yet .ii.
jealoulic which Martyrs loue .ii.
by marking narrowly.

TENOR.



He is gone, O he is gone

O he is gone and I am here ay meaye me why are wee thus deu-
ded, My light in his eyes, did appeare my soule ii, ii, by his soules
thought was guided then come againe ii. ii. my all my life, my be-
ing, soules, zeale, hartes ioy, cares gester, eyes onely seeing.

The musical score consists of a vocal line and a lute line. The vocal line is written in a single staff with a treble clef and a common time signature. The lute line is written in a single staff with a C-clef and a common time signature. The score is divided into several systems, each containing a vocal line and a lute line. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The music is in a simple, homophonic style, characteristic of early 17th-century English lute songs.

2 Come fable care cease on my heart,
Take vp the roomes that ioyes once filled;
Natures sweet blisse is slaine by Art,
A fence blacke frost liues spring hath killed
Then come againe, my loue, my doere, my treasure,
My blisse, my fare, my end, my hopes full measure.

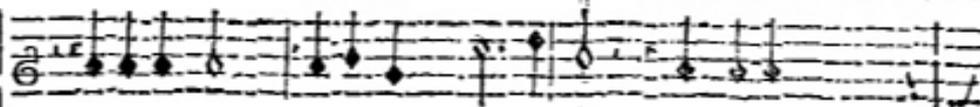
BASSVS.

He is gone, .ii. .ii. and I am
 here O .ii. is gone and I am here, aye me, aye me,
 why are we thus deni ded, my fight in his eyes did
 appear, did appear, my foule .ii. by his foules thought
 was guided, then come againe, O then .ii. .ii.
 my all my life, my being, foules, zeale, hartes ioy, cares guesst
 eyes onely feeling.

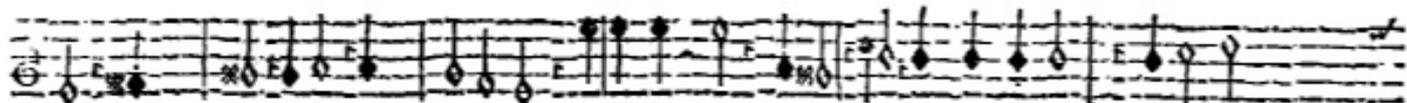
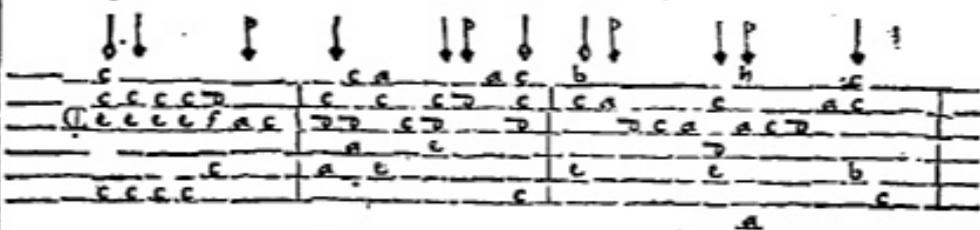
ALTVS.

He is gone, .ii. .ii. and I am here, O .ii. he is gone, O hee .ii. ah me, ah me, why
 are we thus decided, my fight in his eyes did appear, did ap-
 pear, my foule, .ii. .ii. by his foules
 thought was guided, then come againe, .ii. my all my life, my being, foule, zeale, hartes ioy, cares guesst eyes onely feeling,

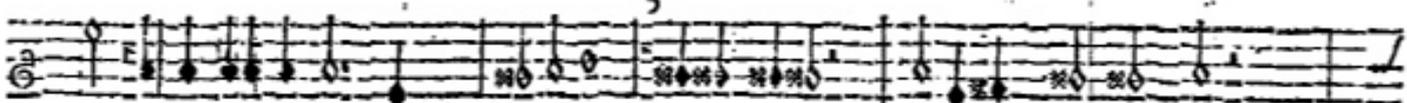
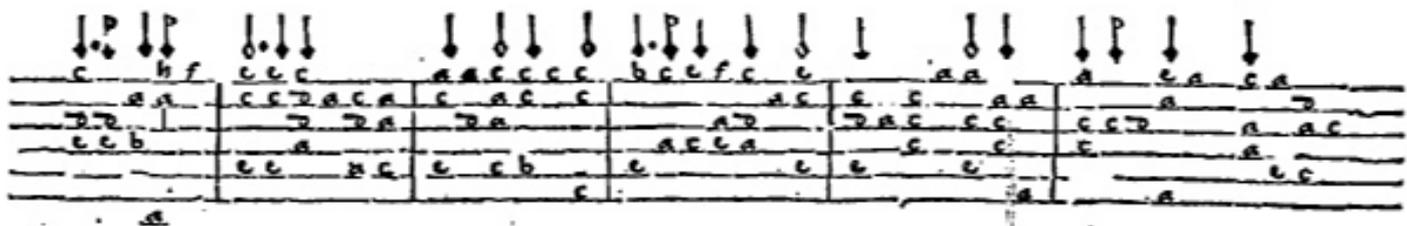
O he is gone, and I am here .ii. I am O .ii. ah me .ii. why are we thus
 decided, my fight by his foules thought was guided did appear my foule .ii. by his foules thought was guided
 then come againe my all my life, being, foule, zeale, hartes ioy, cares guesst eyes onely feeling,



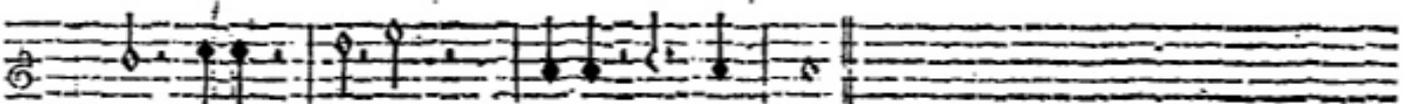
And is it night, are they thine eyes that shine, are we a-



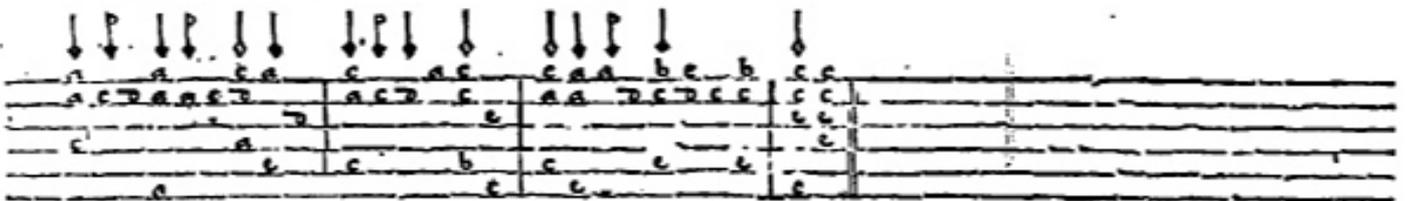
lone and here and here and here alone may I come neere may I. ii. but touch, ii. but touch thy



shrine is Ielbuste a sleepe, and is he gone, O Gods no more, silence my lippes with thine,



lippes kisses Ioyes haue blessings most diuine.



O come my deare our griefes are trnde to night,
 And night to ioyes, night blinds pale enuies eyes,
 Silence and sleepe prepare vs our delight,
 O case we then our woes, our griefes, our cries,
 O vanish words, words doe but passions moue,
 O dearest life, ioyes sweet, O sweetest loue.

BASSVS.

And is it night, are they thine eyes that shine,

Are we alone and here alone, and here alone, may

I come neere may I but touch, thy shrine, is

jealousie sleepe, and is he gone: O Gods no more;

silence my lips with thine with thine lips, kisses, ioyes,

hap, O blessing most diuine;

ALTVS.



And is it night, are they thy eyes that shine that shine, are we alone, and here alone,

may I come neere, may I but touch, but touch but touch thy shrine, Is iealousie a sleepe, and is he gone, O Gods no more

silence my lips with thine lips, kisses, ioyes, aappe, blessing most diuine.

TENOR.

And is it might are they thy eyes that shine, are we, alone, and here alone, and here alone may I

come neere, may I, may I, but touch and touch, thy shrine is iealousie a sleepe, and is he gone, O Gods

no more, silence my lips with thine, lips, kisses, ioyes, happes, blessing most diuine.



He hath an eye ah me, ah me thee .ii.

an eye to see .ii. ah me that shee hath too which makes me sigh as

louers doe, hey hoe hey hoe hey hoe .ii. .ii. ah me

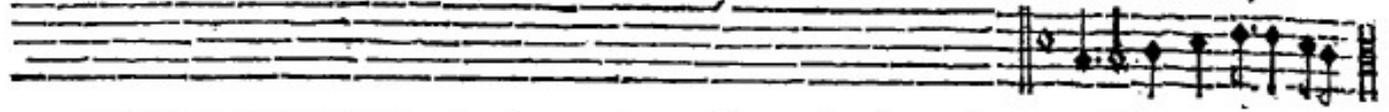
that an eye .ii. .ii. should make her liue and mee to die, wife mens eyes are

in their mind but louers eyes are euer blind.

2 She hath a lippe, ah, ah alas,
Two lippes which doe themselves surpasse,
Alasse two lips for kisses,
Of earthly loue the heavenly blisses,
Alasse, oh woe that a heauen,
Should make vs od that make all eyes,
Ladies kisses are a charme,
That kill vs ere they doe vs harme.

3 She hath a heart ah me, ah me,
A heart shee hath which none can see,
Ah me that I haue none,
Which makes me sigh, yea sighing grone,
Hey hoe ayeme that I part,
And liue, yet leaue wich her my heart,
Hartlesse men may liue by loue,
Thus shee doth know, and this I proue,

but lovers eyes are ever blind,



hoe afflicke, that an eye should make her live, and me to die, should .ii. to die, for wise mens eyes are in the mind,



.ii. which makes me sigh as lovers doe .ii. as lovers doe, with hey hoe .ii. with hey

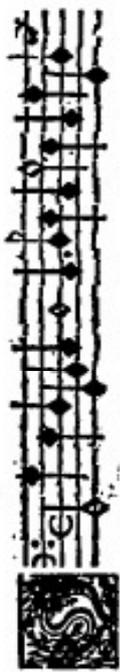


He hath an eye .ii. .eye me, eye me, she hath an eye .ii. an eye to see .ii. aye me, that she hath two

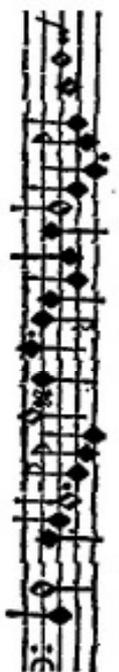


TENOR

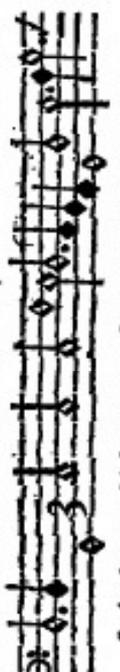
BASS VS.



He hath an eye .ii. ah me, .ii.



she hath an eye, an eye to see, .ii. ah mee, that,



she hath too, which makes me sigh as lovers doe, to sigh as



lovers doe, with hey hoe, with hey hoe hey hoe,



.ii. hey ho, O that an eye should make her live and



me to die, Ladies kisses are a charme,



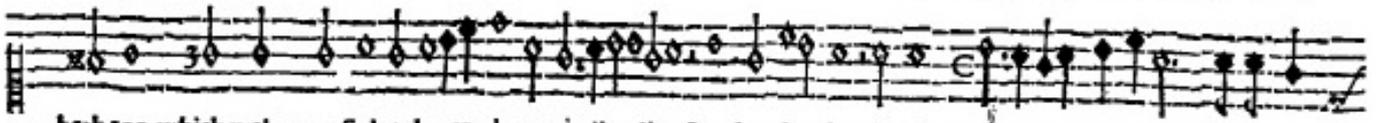
.ii. that kill vs ere they doe vs harme.



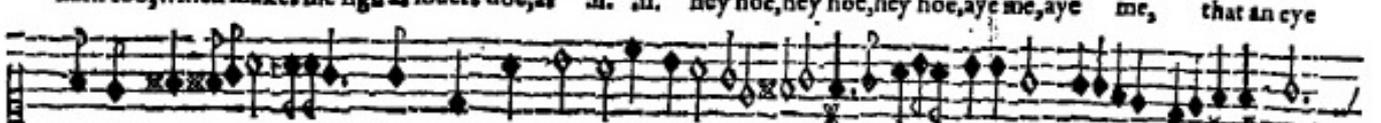
ALT VS.



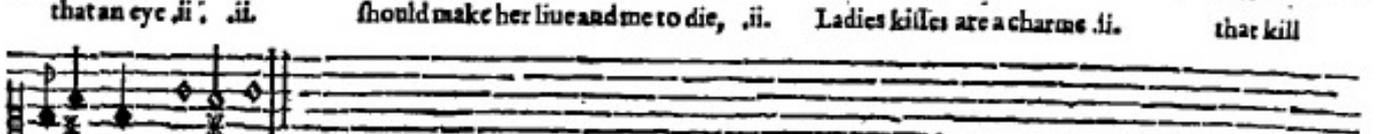
He hath an eye, bath an eye, ah me, ah me she .ii. to see an eye, to see ah me, that she



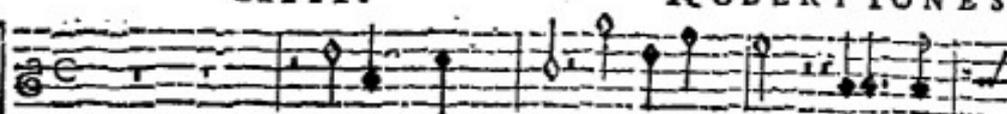
hath too, which makes me sigh as lovers doe, as .ii. .ii. hey hoe, hey hoe, hey hoe, aye me, aye me, that an eye



that an eye .ii. .ii. should make her live and me to die, .ii. Ladies kisses are a charme .ii. that kill



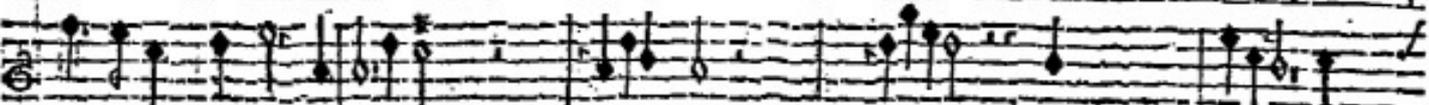
vs ere they doe vs harme.



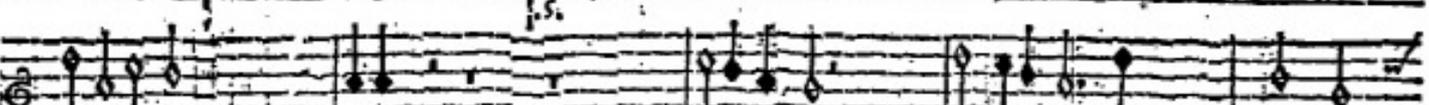
Know not what .ii. yet that I



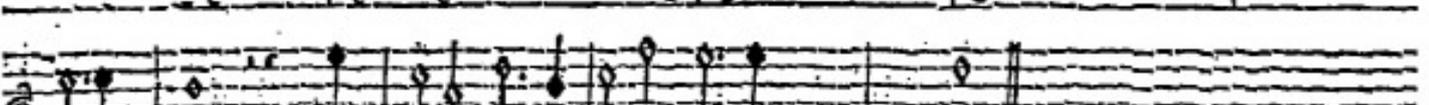
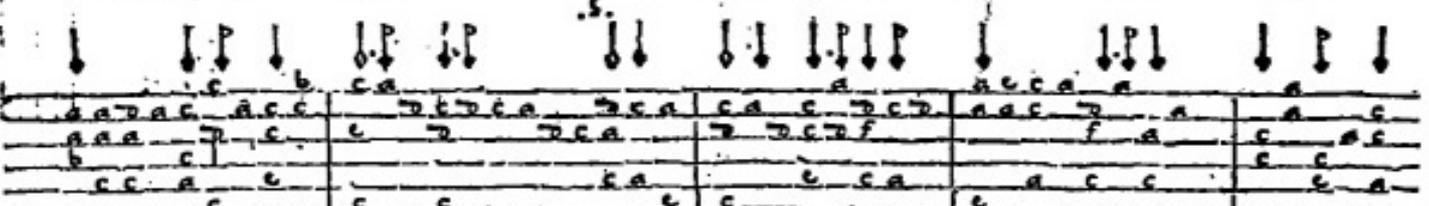
feele is much, it came I know not when, it was not euer yet



hures I know nothow, yet is it such as I am pleas'd .ii. .ii. though



it be cured neuer It is a wound .ii. that wasteth



still in woe and yet I would not, that it were not so,



2 Pleas'd with a thought that endeth with a sigh,
Sometimes I smile when teares stand in my eyer,
Yet then and there such sweet contentment lieth,
Both when and where my sweet sower torment lies;
O out alas, I cannot long endure it,
And yet alas I care not when I cure it.

3 But well away, me thinks I am not free,
That wonted was these fits as soule to scorne.
One and the same, euen so I seeme to be,
As lost I liue, yet of my selfe forlorne,
What may this be that thus my mind doth moue;
Alasse I feare, God shield it be not loue,

Know not with .ii. yet that I feele is much, is much, it came I know
 not when, it was not cured, it hurts, I know how how it is, it such yet as I am please'd, .ii. though it be cured

TENOR.

BASSVS.

Know not what .ii. yet that I
 feele is much .ii. it came I know not when .ii.
 it was not cured, it hurts, I know not how, yet is it
 such, .ii. as I am please'd though it be cured
 though .ii. never, it is a wound .ii. that wasteth
 still in woe and yet I would not that it
 were not so.

ALTVS.

Know not what .ii. yet that I feele is much, it came I know not when, I know not
 when .ii. it came I know not when .ii. yet is it such, .ii. as I am please'd .ii. .ii.
 though it be cured, never .ii. it is a wound .ii. that wasteth still in woe, & yet I would
 not that it were not so.

haue no relenting.

should fayle me then endure

thy flow tormenting, life our griefes and vs doe leuer once for euer, Absence, griefe

Riefe griefe, of my best loues absenting, Now O now wilt thou assayle me, I had rather life



TENOR

BASSVS.

First staff of Bass part with a large decorative initial 'R' and the text: Riefe griefe of my best loues absenting

Second staff of Bass part with the text: Now O now wilt thou assayle me, I had rather life should

Third staff of Bass part with the text: fayle me, then endure thy flow tormenting: Life

Fourth staff of Bass part with the text: our griefes and vs doe leuer, once, for euer ab.

Fifth staff of Bass part with the text: sence griefe haue no relenting.

Sixth and seventh staves of Bass part, mostly empty with some faint markings.

ALTVS.

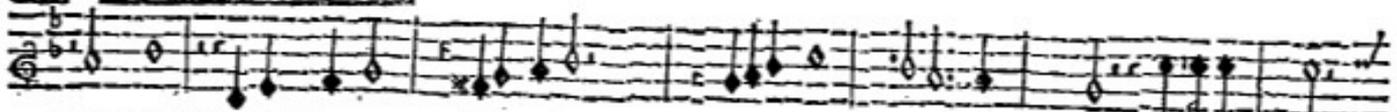
First staff of Alto part with a large decorative initial 'R' and the text: Riefe, griefe of my best loues absenting, Now O now wilt thou assayle me, I had rather life should

Second staff of Alto part with the text: fayle, me then endure thy flow tormenting. life our griefe and vs doe leuer, doe leuer, once for euer, absence

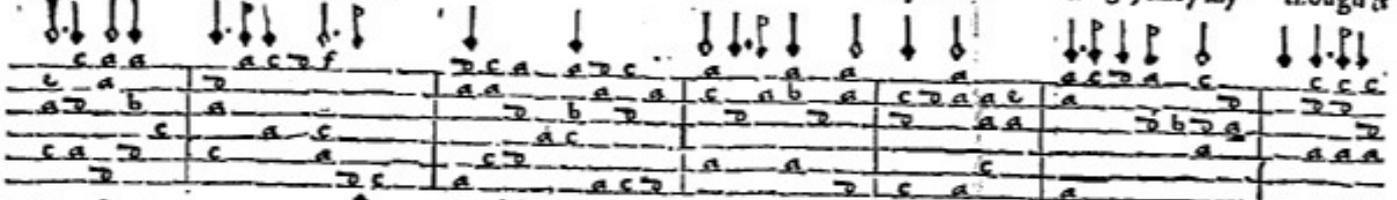
Third staff of Alto part with the text: griefes haue no relenting,



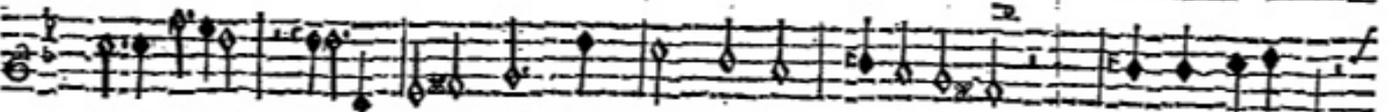
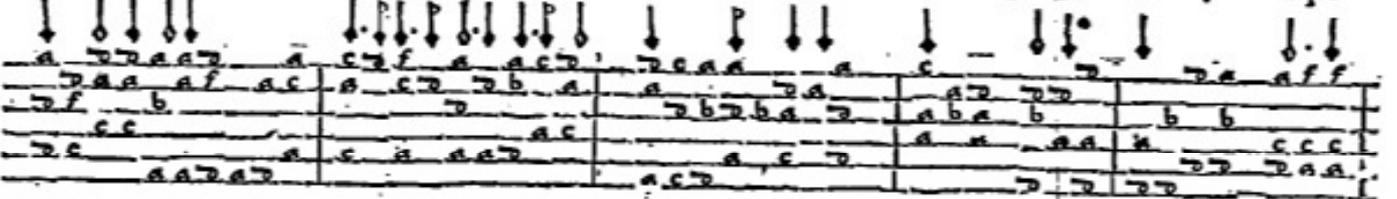
I in this flesh where thou in drencht dost lie



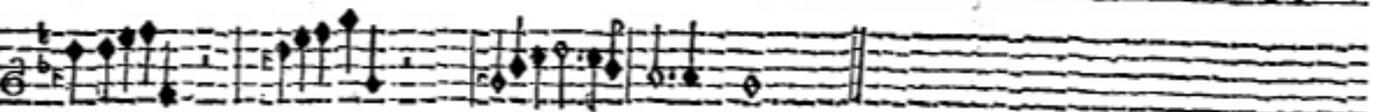
poore soule thou canst reare vp .ii. thy limed wings, carry my thought



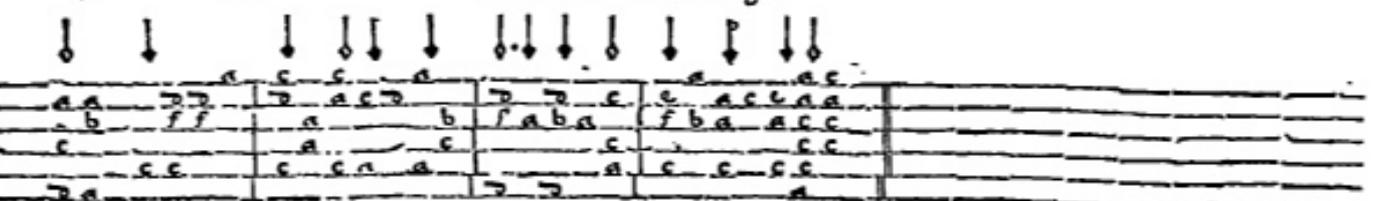
vp to the sacred skie .iii. and wash them in those heavenly hallowed springs, where ioy and requi-



um & requiem The holy Angels sing whilst all heavens vault .ii. with blessed Echoes



.ii. .ii. .ii. blessed Echoes rings.



2 Awaked with this harmony diuine,
 O how my soule mounts vp her throned head,
 And glues again with native glory shine,
 Wash with repentance then thy dayes misled,
 Then ioyes with requiem mayest thou with Angels sing;
 Whilst all heaucus vault with blessed Echoes ring.

BASS VS.

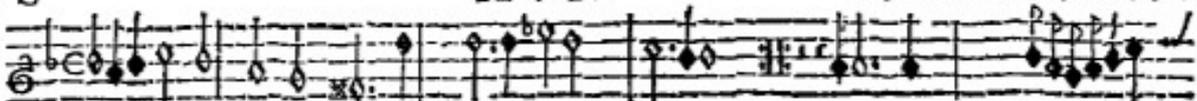
Fin in the flesh, *ii.* where thou in-
 drencht dost lie, poore soule thou canst reare vp thou
ii. thy limed wings, carry my thoughts vp to vp
 to the sacred skie, *ii.* and wash them in those
 heauenly hallowed springs, where ioy and requiem and
ii. the holy Angels sing, whilst all heauens vault
ii. with blessed Echoe rings *ii.* rings.

TENOR.

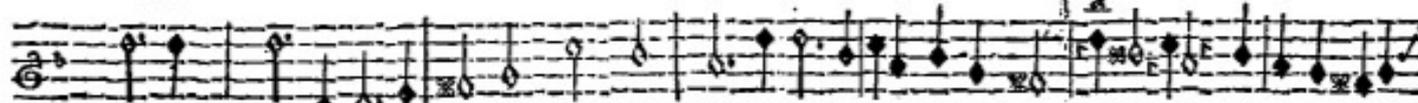
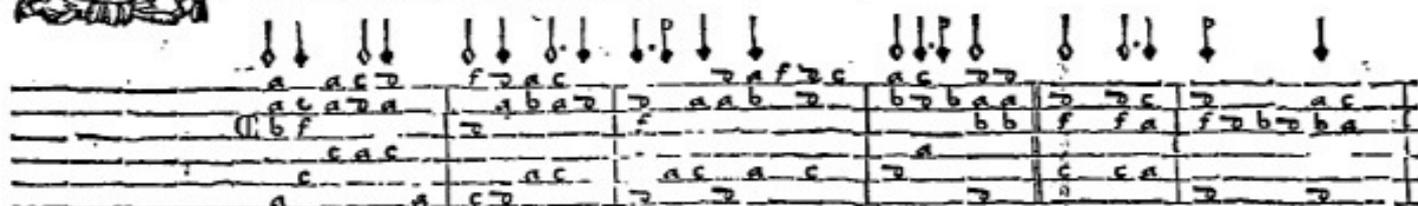
Fin in the flesh, *ii.* thou dost lie poore soule, thou canst reare vp thou *ii.*
 carry my thoughts vp to the sacred skie, vp *ii.* and wash them in those heauenly hallowed springs
 where ioy and requiem *ii.* the holy Angels sing, whilst all heauens vault *ii.* with blessed
 Echoe *ii.* Ring Echoe rings *ii.*

ALTS.

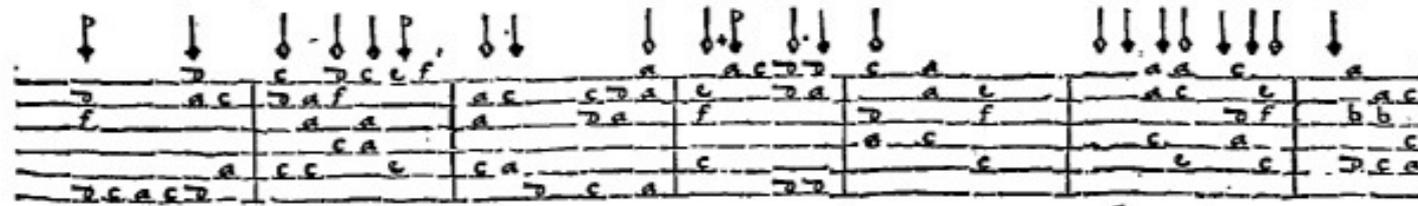
Fin in the flesh where thou indrencht dost lie poore soule, poore soule, shou canst reare vp thy limed *ii.* wings
 thou canst *ii.* wings carry my thoughts vp to the sacred skies, vp to *ii.* and wash them in those heau-
 ly hallowed springs, where ioyes & requiem and requiem the holy angels sing, the *ii.* whilst all heauens vault
ii. with blessed Echoe, *ii.* with blessed Echoes Ring.



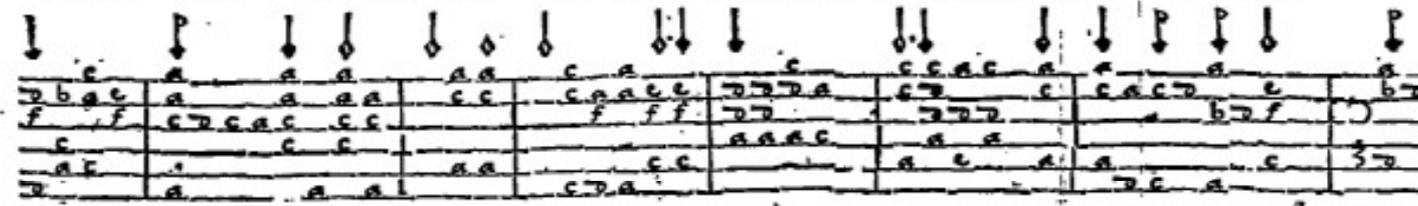
Thred of life when thou art spēt how are my sorrowes eased. O earth why tremblest
 O vaile of flesh whē thou art rent how shalmy soule be pleased:



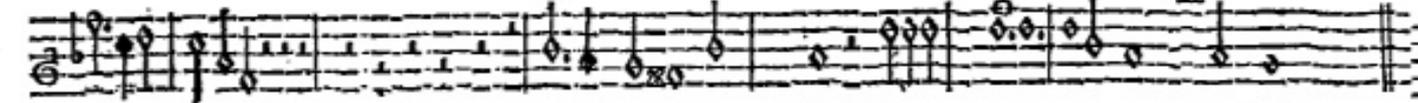
thou at death that did re ceive both heate and breath by bargain of a second birth, that done .ii., that done again to



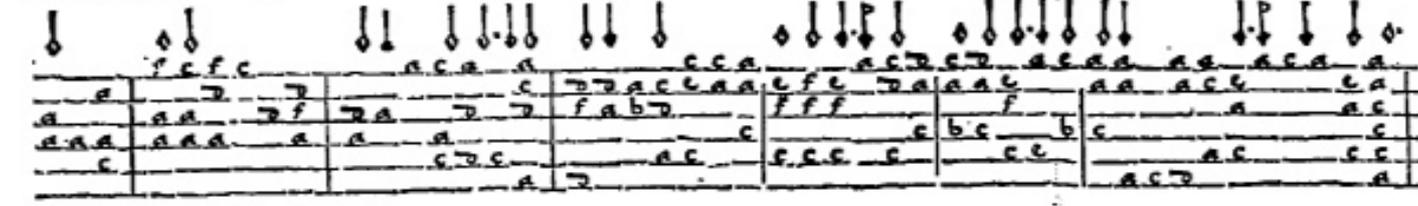
be cold earth, Come death .ii. .ii. deere widwife to my life, see sin and ver tue holde at strife,



Make hast a wayl est thy de lay .ii. bec my de- cay world of in anity



Schoothouse of vanity minion of hell fare well .ii. .ii. farewell,



o coward life whose feare doth tie me in distasting senses,
 Infused part mount vp on hie, lite gets on lite offences,
 O flie immortall flie away,
 Be not immerde in finite clay,
 Where true loue doth with selfe loue fight,
 Begetting thoughts that doe affright,
 Courage faint heart, sound trumpet death,
 It findit wind with all my breath.

O case of glasse,
 Confusions masse,
 A flouring grasse,
 Temple of treachery,
 Soule yoaket o misery,
 Store-house of hell
 Farewell, farewell.

B S A S V S.

Thred of life when thou art spent, how are my
 O vyle of flesh when thou art rent, how shal my

forrowes eased, O earth why trem- blest thou at death
 soule be pleased,

that did receiue both heat & breath, by bargaine of a second

birth, that done .ii. again to becold earth, come death .ii.

.ii. decre midwife to my life, see finne & vertue hold at strife,

Make hast away lest thy delay, .ii. be my decay

world of inanity, schoole-houfe of vanity, O minion of hell

farewell .ii. minion of hell farewell, fare well.

A L T V S.



Thred of life when thou art spent, how are my sorrowes eased, O earth why trem- blest thou at death,
 O vyle of flesh when thou art rent, how shall my soule be pleased

that did receiue both heate and breath, by bargaine of a second birth, that done, .ii. again .ii.

come death, .ii. decre midwife to my life, see sin and vertue hold at strife, make hast away, lest thy delay .ii.

be my de- cay, world of inanity, anity, .ii. school-houfe of vanity, .ii. minion of hell farewell

.ii. farewell, fare well,

Thred of life when thou art spent, how are my sorrowes eased,
 O vyle of flesh when thou art rent, how shall my soule be pleased:
 O earth why tremblest thou at

death, that did receiue both heate and breath, by bargaine of a second birth, that done that done, againe to

becold earth, Come death .ii. deare midwife to my life, see finne and vertue hold at strife, make hast a-

way lest thy delay .ii. be my decay, world of inanity, .ii.

schoole-houfe of vanity, minion of hell farewell, anity, .ii. farewell farewell .ii.



Hen I sit reading all alone that secret booke where- in I

figh, I figh I .ii, I figh to looke how many spots there bee, I wish I could not see;

I wish I could not see or from my selfe might flee,

2
 Mine eyes for refuge then with zeale befixe the skies,
 My teares doe cloude those eyes,
 My sighes doe blow them drie,
 And yet I liue to die,
 My selfe I cannot flie,

3
 Heauens I implore, that knowes my fault, what shall I doe;
 To hell I dare not goe,
 The world first mademe rue,
 My selfe my griefes renew,
 To whome then shall I sue.

4
 Alasse; my soule doth faint to draw this doubtfull breath;
 Is there no hope in death,
 O yes, death ends my woes;
 Death me from me will lose,
 My selfe am all my foes,

BIS A SIVS.

Hen I sit reading all alone, that secret

bookes wherein I sigh, I sigh to looke, how many

spots there be there be, I wish I could not see

I wish I could not see,
or from my selfe might see.

or from my selfe might see.

or from my selfe might see.

ALTVS.

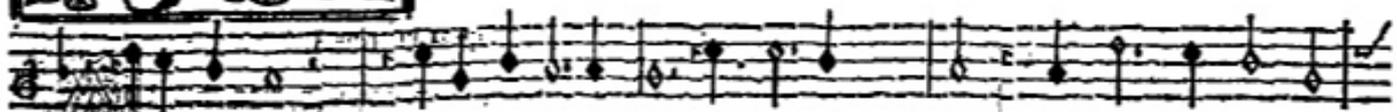
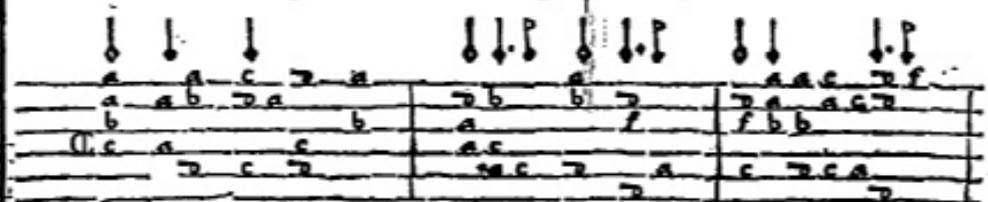
Hen I sit reading all alone. that secret booke wherein I sigh, I sigh to looke to looke,

how many spots there be, I wish I could not see ii. or from my selfe

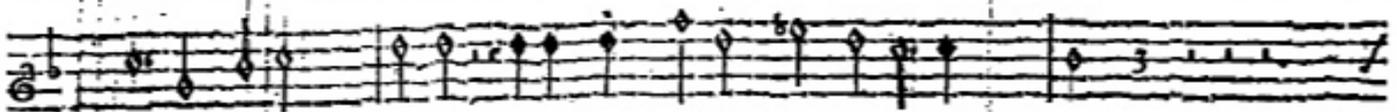
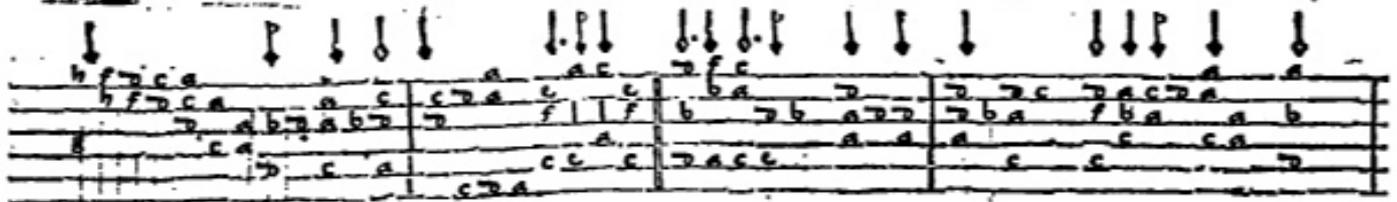
might see.



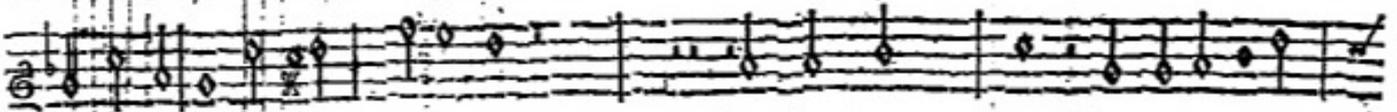
Aine would I speake but feare to giue offense, makes mee retire:



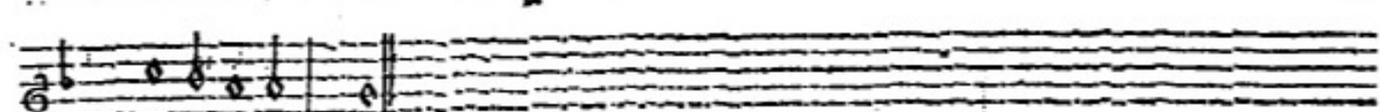
and in amasement stand, still breathing forth, .ii. my



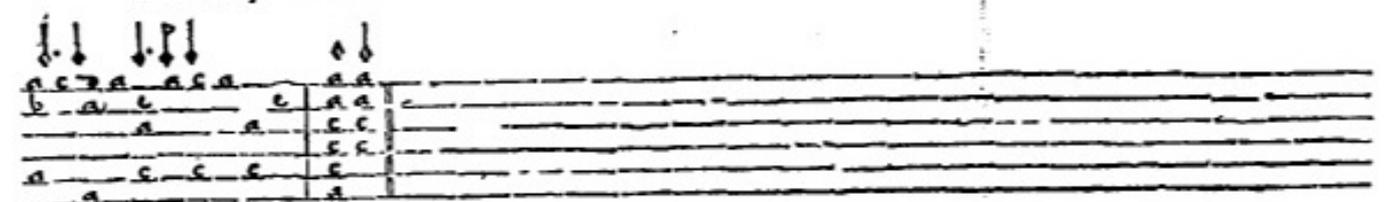
woes in fruitlesse silence, whilst my poore hart is slaine by her faire hands:



faire hands indeed the guiders of the dart that from her eyes .ii. were



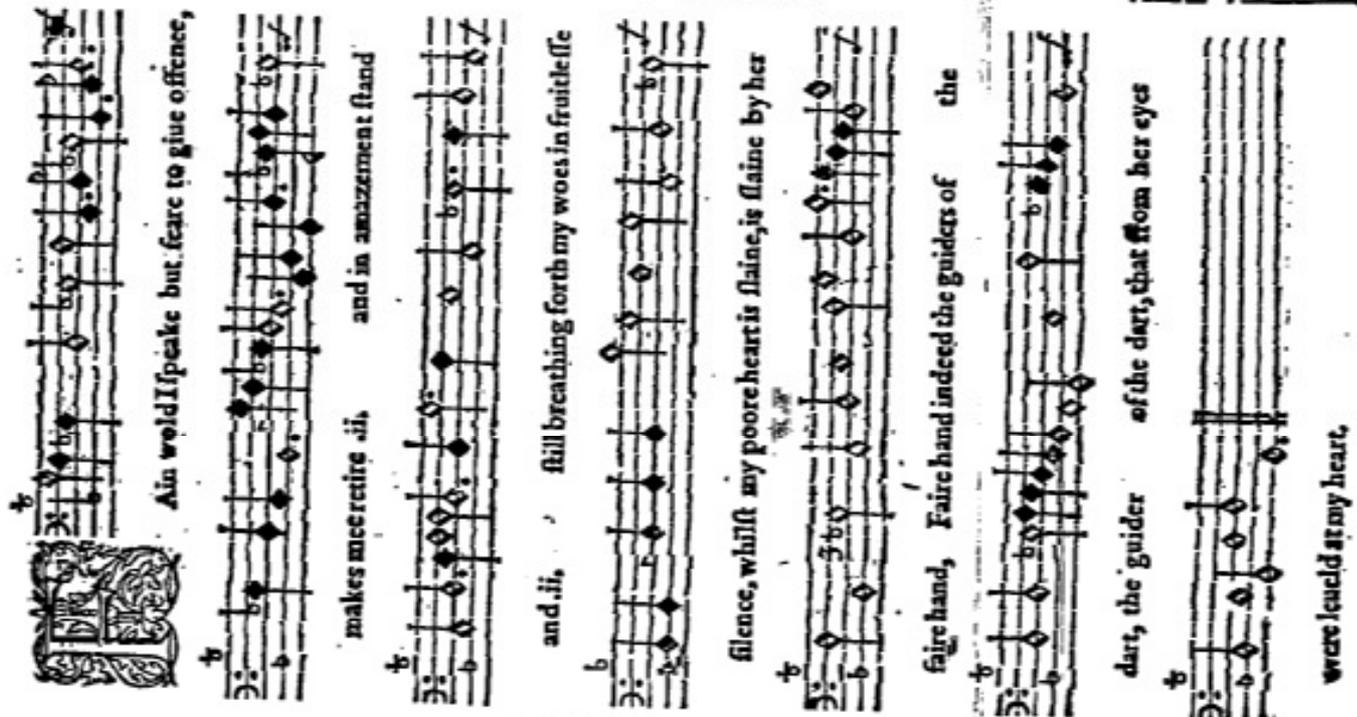
leuel'd at my heart.



Those eyes two pointed Diamonds did engrave,
 Within my heart the true and lively forme,
 Of that sweet Saint whose pittie most I craue,
 Whose absence makes me comfortlesse to mourne,
 And fighting say (Sweet) would she knew my loue,
 My plants perhaps her mind may somewhat moue;

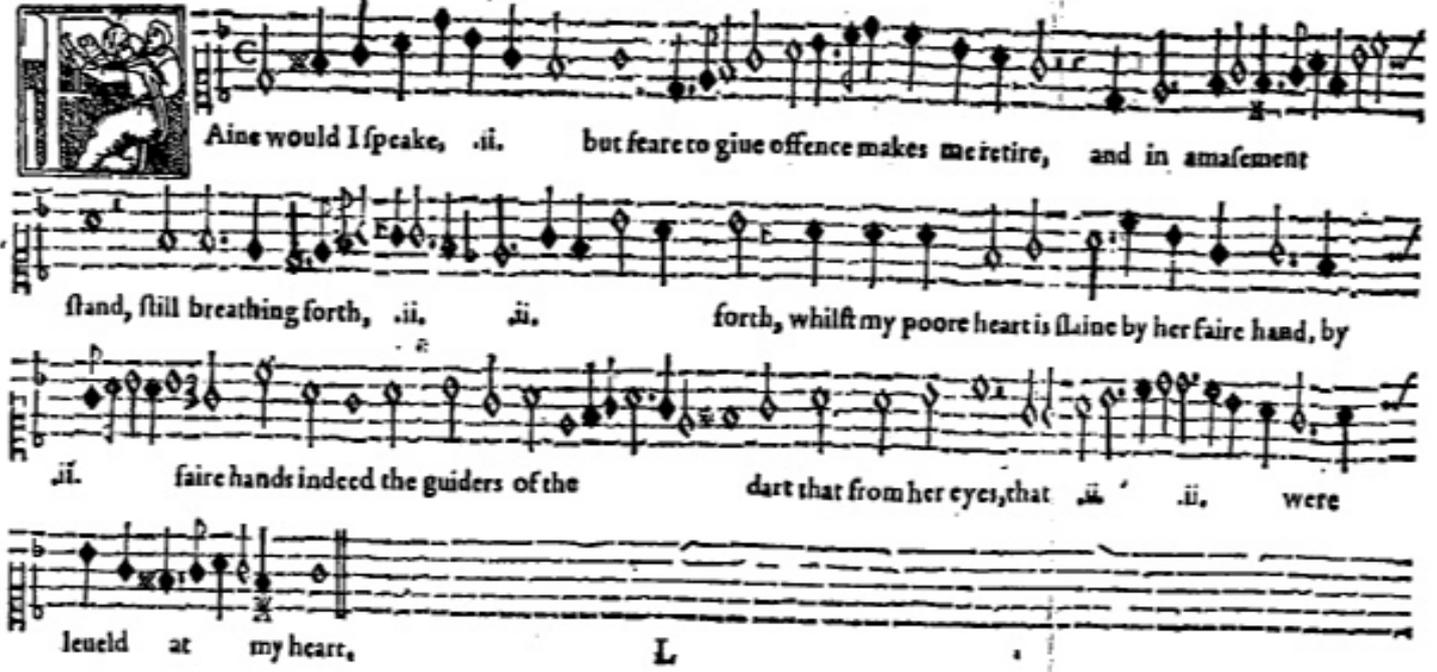
But if she knew, what if she did reiect;
 Yet better twere by her sweet doome to die,
 That she might know my deare loues true effect,
 Then thus to liue in vnknowne misery,
 Yet after death it may be she would say,
 His too much loue did worke his liues decay.

BASSVS.



Baine would I speake but feare to giue offence,
 makes mee retire .ii. and in amazement stand
 and .ii. still breathing forth my woes in fruitlesse
 silence, whilst my poore heart is slaine, is slaine by her
 faire hand, Faire hand indeede the guiders of the
 dart, the guider of the dart, that from her eyes
 were leuld at my heart.

ALTVS.

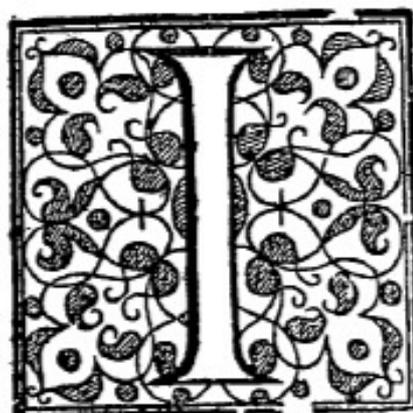


Aine would I speake, .ii. but feare to giue offence makes me retire, and in amazement
 stand, still breathing forth, .ii. .ii. forth, whilst my poore heart is slaine by her faire hand, by
 .ii. faire hands indeede the guiders of the dart that from her eyes, that .ii. .ii. were
 leuld at my heart.

TENOR



Ain would I speake but feare to giue offence, makes mee retire .ii.
 and in amazement stand, still breathing forth .ii.
 my woes in fruitlesse silence whilst my poore heart
 is slaine by her faire hand, Faire hand indeede the guiders of the dart, that from her
 eyes, that .ii. were leuld at my heart.



NSherwood liude stout Robin Hood an Archer great none greater, His bow &

shafis were, sure & good, yet Cupids were much biter Robin could shoot at many a Hart and misse, Cupid at first could

hit a hart of his, hey iolly Robin hociolly Robin, hey iolly Robin Hood, loue finds out

me aswell as thee to follow mee. ii. ii. to follow me to the green wood.

2
A noble thiefe was Robin Hoode,
Wife was he could deceiue him,
Yet Marrison his brauest mood,
Could of his heart bereaue him,
No greater thiefe lies hidden vnder skies,
then beauty closely lodgde in womens eyes.
Hey iolly Robin.

3
An Out-law was this Robin Hood,
His life free and vnruely,
Yet to faire Marrison bound he stood
And loues debt payed her duely,
Whom curbe of strickest law could not hold in,
Loue with obeyednes and a winke could winne.
Hey iolly Robin.

4
Now wend we home stout Robin Hood
Leaue we the woods behind vs,
Loue passions must not be withstood,
Loue euery where will find vs,
I liude in field and towne, and so did he,
I got me to the woods, loue followed me,
Hey iolly Robin.

BASS V.S.

Musical staff 1: Bass clef, treble clef, and a decorative box containing a stylized 'H' logo.

N Sherwood.

Musical staff 2: Bass clef, treble clef, and musical notation.

Musical staff 3: Bass clef, treble clef, and musical notation.

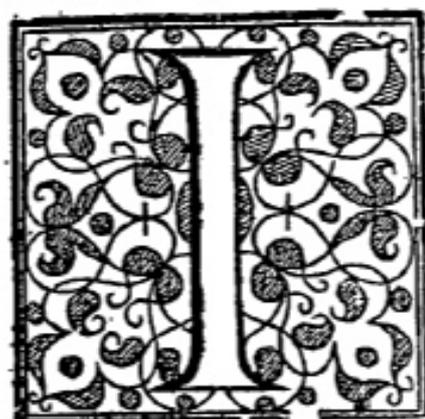
Musical staff 4: Bass clef, treble clef, and musical notation.

Musical staff 5: Bass clef, treble clef, and musical notation.

Musical staff 6: Bass clef, treble clef, and musical notation.

Musical staff 7: Bass clef, treble clef, and musical notation.

Musical staff 8: Bass clef, treble clef, and musical notation.



N Sherwood liude stout Robin Hood an Archer great none greater, His bow &

shafts were sure & good, yet Cupids were much better Robin could shoot at many a Hart and misse, Cupid at first could

hit a hart of his, hey iolly Robin hoeiolly Robin, hey iolly Robin Hood, loue finds out

me as well as thee to follow mee. ii. ii. ii. to follow me to the green wood.

²
A noble thiefe was Robin Hood,
Wife was he could deceiue him,
Yet Marrison in his brauest mood,
Could of his heart bereaue him,
No greater thiefe lies hidden vnder skies,
then beauty closely lodgde in womens eyes.
Hey iolly Robin.

³
An Out-law was this Robin Hood,
His life free and vnruely,
Yet to faire Marrison bound he stood
And loues debt payed her duely,
Whom curbe of strickest law could not hold in,
Loue with obeyednes and a winke could winne.
Hey iolly Robin.

⁴
Now wend we home stout Robin Hood
Leaue weth the woods behind vs,
Loue passions must not be withstood,
Loue euery where will find vs,
I liude in field and towne, and so did he,
I got me to the woods, loue followed me,
Hey iolly Robin.

BASS V.

Musical staff 1: Bass clef, treble clef, and a decorative box containing a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The staff contains a sequence of notes: G2, A2, B2, C3, D3, E3, F#3, G3, A3, B3, C4, D4, E4, F#4, G4, A4, B4, C5, D5, E5, F#5, G5, A5, B5, C6, D6, E6, F#6, G6, A6, B6, C7, D7, E7, F#7, G7, A7, B7, C8, D8, E8, F#8, G8, A8, B8, C9, D9, E9, F#9, G9, A9, B9, C10, D10, E10, F#10, G10, A10, B10, C11, D11, E11, F#11, G11, A11, B11, C12, D12, E12, F#12, G12, A12, B12, C13, D13, E13, F#13, G13, A13, B13, C14, D14, E14, F#14, G14, A14, B14, C15, D15, E15, F#15, G15, A15, B15, C16, D16, E16, F#16, G16, A16, B16, C17, D17, E17, F#17, G17, A17, B17, C18, D18, E18, F#18, G18, A18, B18, C19, D19, E19, F#19, G19, A19, B19, C20, D20, E20, F#20, G20, A20, B20, C21, D21, E21, F#21, G21, A21, B21, C22, D22, E22, F#22, G22, A22, B22, C23, D23, E23, F#23, G23, A23, B23, C24, D24, E24, F#24, G24, A24, B24, C25, D25, E25, F#25, G25, A25, B25, C26, D26, E26, F#26, G26, A26, B26, C27, D27, E27, F#27, G27, A27, B27, C28, D28, E28, F#28, G28, A28, B28, C29, D29, E29, F#29, G29, A29, B29, C30, D30, E30, F#30, G30, A30, B30, C31, D31, E31, F#31, G31, A31, B31, C32, D32, E32, F#32, G32, A32, B32, C33, D33, E33, F#33, G33, A33, B33, C34, D34, E34, F#34, G34, A34, B34, C35, D35, E35, F#35, G35, A35, B35, C36, D36, E36, F#36, G36, A36, B36, C37, D37, E37, F#37, G37, A37, B37, C38, D38, E38, F#38, G38, A38, B38, C39, D39, E39, F#39, G39, A39, B39, C40, D40, E40, F#40, G40, A40, B40, C41, D41, E41, F#41, G41, A41, B41, C42, D42, E42, F#42, G42, A42, B42, C43, D43, E43, F#43, G43, A43, B43, C44, D44, E44, F#44, G44, A44, B44, C45, D45, E45, F#45, G45, A45, B45, C46, D46, E46, F#46, G46, A46, B46, C47, D47, E47, F#47, G47, A47, B47, C48, D48, E48, F#48, G48, A48, B48, C49, D49, E49, F#49, G49, A49, B49, C50, D50, E50, F#50, G50, A50, B50, C51, D51, E51, F#51, G51, A51, B51, C52, D52, E52, F#52, G52, A52, B52, C53, D53, E53, F#53, G53, A53, B53, C54, D54, E54, F#54, G54, A54, B54, C55, D55, E55, F#55, G55, A55, B55, C56, D56, E56, F#56, G56, A56, B56, C57, D57, E57, F#57, G57, A57, B57, C58, D58, E58, 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BIASSYS.

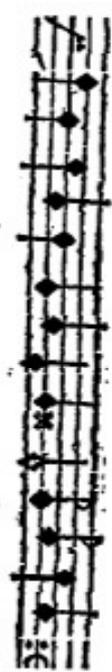
The musical score consists of eight staves of music. The first staff begins with a large, dark, rectangular block, possibly a stamp or a correction. Above the first staff, the text "BIASSYS." is written. Below the first staff, the text "Très Cadenza sospesa" is written. The music is written in a single system with a common time signature (C) and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The notes are primarily eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests. The staves are numbered 1 through 8. The first staff has a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The subsequent staves have a bass clef and a key signature of one flat. The music ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

BASSVS.

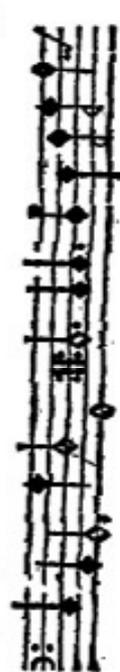


The first staff begins with a decorative initial 'S' in a square frame. The musical notation is in bass clef with a common time signature (C). It features a series of eighth and sixteenth notes.

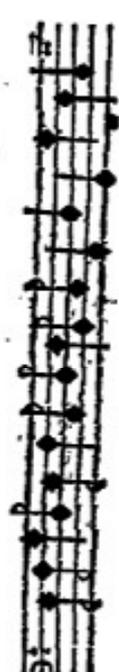
Al. moy. non è che dunque.



The second staff continues the musical notation with eighth and sixteenth notes.



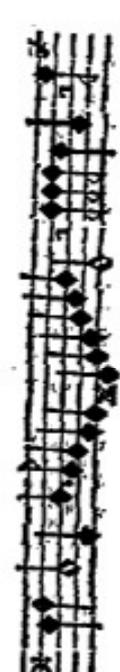
The third staff continues the musical notation with eighth and sixteenth notes.



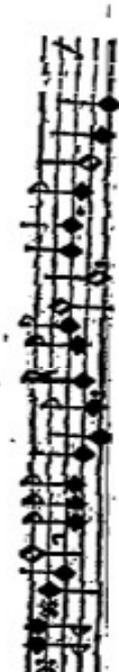
The fourth staff continues the musical notation with eighth and sixteenth notes.



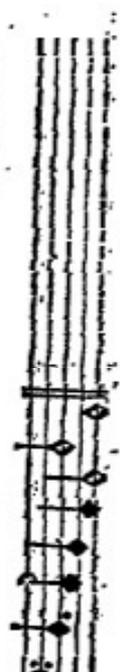
The fifth staff continues the musical notation with eighth and sixteenth notes.



The sixth staff continues the musical notation with eighth and sixteenth notes.



The seventh staff continues the musical notation with eighth and sixteenth notes.



The eighth staff continues the musical notation with eighth and sixteenth notes.